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The Unkept Promise

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The Unkept Promise

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Abstract

You've seen the children who laugh out at sea; now your canvas is wrinkled, the deck salt-spotted and worn over the years. You've seen the albatross, and his superstitious gleams. You've passed above the gilded galleons that spill across ocean floor...

The Unkept Promise

by
Mary Cross
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You've seen the children who laugh out at sea;
now your canvas is wrinkled,
the deck salt-spotted and worn over the years.
You've seen the albatross,
and his superstitious gleams.
You've passed above the gilded galleons that spill across the
ocean floor.
No more forceful skims upon the sea,
your heights of youth have ceased to be.
The mariners call out to you: "Surrender Catherine,
your mast has seen its days."
They dream of a fourteen-sail of fiber-glass smoothness.
In time, so much lost,
so much forgotten.
Remember at birth you were promised eternity.
"Come, it is time for your mooring."

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